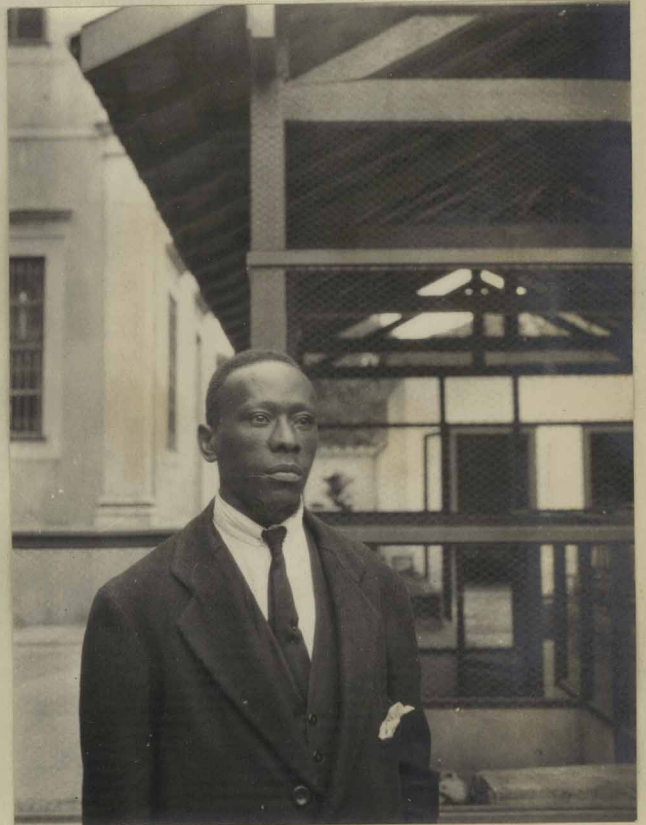




Salamão - Suill's Servant



*The Chief Político !
near Haliaie*



*Olavo
Darling's Servant*



Last Year



"LUAR" na AVENIDA NIEMEYER (LEBLON)

6

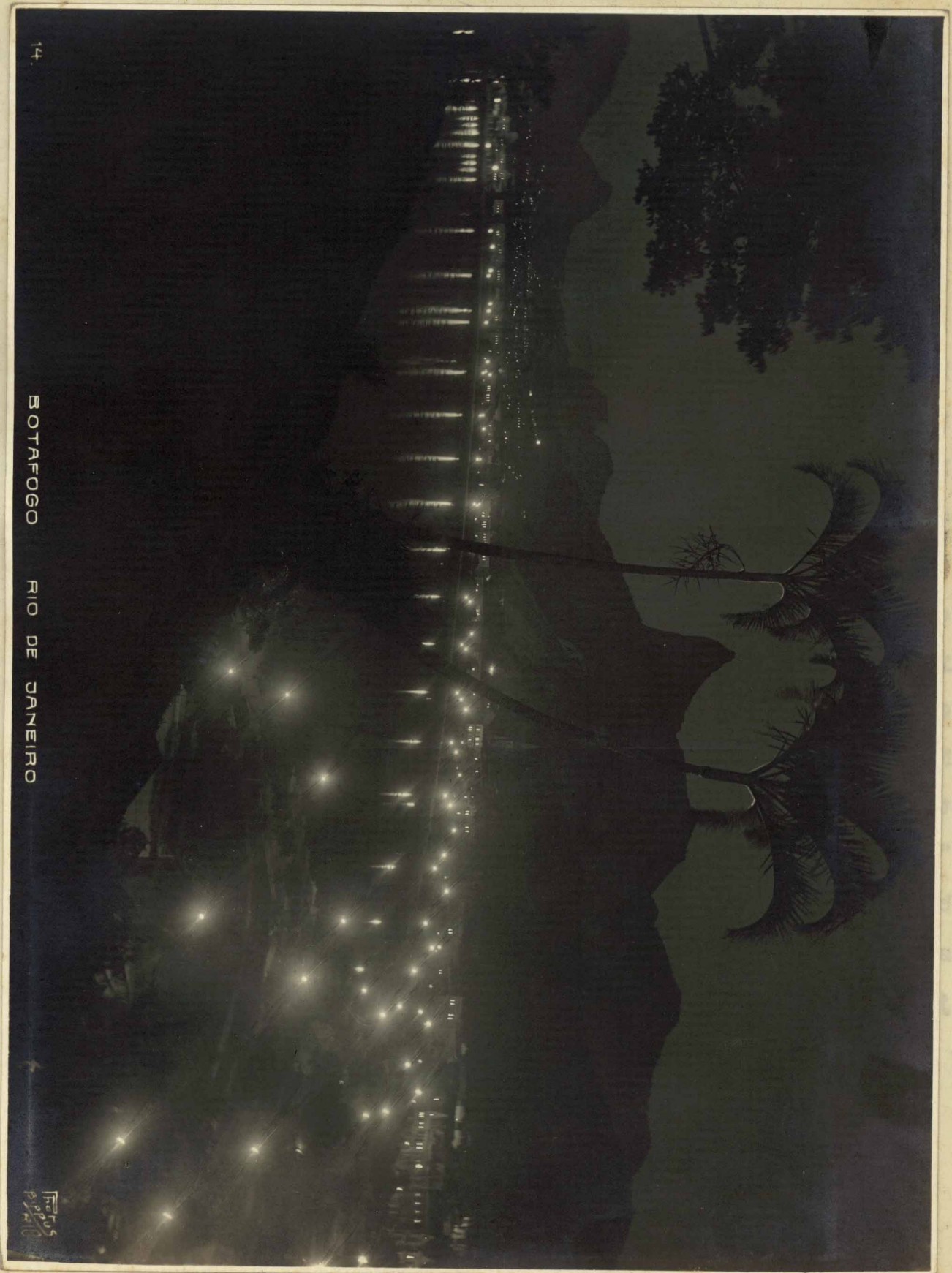
RIO de JANEIRO BRASIL

Rei
Bip
1911

This Year



July 13. Since the third I have been hereat the Hydricks in Rio with very little to do except wait for Hackett to come back from the South and enjoy a touch of the civilised life again. I never have seen a town as beautiful as Rio. The day is picturesque, the night is overwhelming especially from this



house here where you look down on the town in the moonlight twinkling and humming far out to the sea, where Pao Dassucar

stands sentinel; and twice aday h the most wonderful sun-sets I have everseen ---once a day to be accurate but the dawn is as good as the dusk . The bay winds in among a long succession of mountains, the air is filled with a purple and golden haze, the long stretches of quiet bay water shine green-blue in the twilight---well I cant do it anyk longer , it is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. And then the million lights begin to twinkle and the moon rises between two steep rocks at the entrance to the harbor..... dots meaning gewalt I cant stand it no longer.

Met a Mrs. Nash yesterday at the International, who is down here on a pleasure and business trip with her husband, and who is a classic dancer at home in New York. Her husband is very amusing and delightful company. He has been up in Ilheos looking over a cacao plantation and has been gone 8 weeks, during which time she waited for him nervously here. He had malaria and was afraid to call in a local doctor for fear he would say it was yellow fever and intern him. He was up there with his step daughter a Miss Ryan and finally they got from Mrs Nash a desperate telegram asking where they were and when they were coming down to R~~ia~~ Rio. His telegram back was "Keep your tail on the dashboard Ulysses and Circe coming by the first boat." And the only person Mrs Nash could show the telegram to for sympathy was a Swiss who was just learning English!

Pete, the Hydricks kid is the most delightful kid I have ever seen. He is keen for everything and is most satisfactory to play with. He calls me Shan-shan and he talks a wonderful blend of Portuguese

and English---"olha! Bichos!
 Olha Aqui! Look!" and he
 certainly misses very few tricks.
 He goes to bed with no protests,
 usually he announces that he is ready
 for it "Queir cama, mamae"
 and he has the other remarkable
 virtue of not crying when he falls
 down--- they do the same thing on
 these occasions that Jack and Hope
 Richardson used to



Selling Chickens in Rio

in not consoling the kid very often for his hard luck. The
 noonday nap he is not so ready to take though, and two
 days ago when he was told to vae na cama he came back with
 with "onde sta cama"? (where is the bed?)

The watch on the Rhine here certainly has a Swiss
 movement---everybody is at least a Swiss here now and the
 number of Danes and Swedes who know German is certainly large.
 Last night on the bonde coming down from the Hotel I saw
 a most affectionate and Brazilian farewell to a family that
 was getting on the bonde--- the affect of the numerous adeus
 and passa bems was sort of spoiled by one of the little kids
 who bawled out to his father "Wo geht's Mutter?"

The weather is glorious and I am very lazy. I want
 to get off a few letters to all my young friends before I
 go South--- for I imagine that once the work begins I shant
 have much time for that sort of thing. I keep in the best of
 health and everything goes muito bom. Got thirteen letters
 for me birthday and what more do ye want at this distance!



July 20th

This is another Sunday in Rio and at the Hydricks, and I feel much as if it were on leave because I know that not far ahead now comes work.

The past week has gone in small errands, in seeing the new office established and in playing about a bit with a few people here in a very small way, but pleasantly as a contrast to the rather marked lack of folks at the fazenda existence. Last Monday we went up Pao dAssucar, the huge rock at the mouth of the harbor, which shoots up so abruptly that an aerial cable is the only way to get up to it. It is 400 metres up off the sea and one of the most remarkable places I have ever seen for the view of the harbor and the mountains at the West. We saw the sunset sky fade out quickly from orange to red embers and from dull smoky red to violet and then to night, while the lights along Copacabana came out twinkling along a graceful, curved shore. Then in an hour the sky in the east grew red and the full moon floated up over one of the islands out at sea and the moonlight began. You must learn to pardon all this description--- it is almost impossible to think of doing anything down here in Rio without thinking how beautiful it is, --everywhere.

Hydrick told me an amusing thing about Elavo, the diener at Sao Paulo. Dr Darling has made out some tables of figures comparing infant mortality with the amount of income. Elavo who is a wonderfully funny looking coon, very usefull but terrified of Darling looked at the tables with closest att-



ention. He has been trying to get his courage up for six months to the point of asking for a raise in salary to help out with his new white wife of whom he is very proud. He came to Smillie and said "How is a man going to raise a child if that table is true? '200 milreis most of the children die, 75 milreis all the children die'---and he wont give me more than 70 milreis!# How is that baby of mine going to get along in this hygiene job!"

There was a neat little skit in the news paper yesterday about the fact that Wilson has appointed a Commission to study the causes of race hatred in Poland, which is doing so much to keep the nation from a state of admirable unity. It went on to say that already the world was the beneficiary of two American millionaires: Carnegie who in 1913 had done so much to promote the world's Peace, and Rockefeller whose efforts are meeting with a more favorable reception. How can Poland show its appreciation for this considerate interest from the United States? Perhaps the most delicate way would be to appoint a Commission to go to the United States to study why the Negroes there were not given their civic rights and allowed to attain their ambitions to be regarded as the equals of the whited, and why the Japs were not getting along so very well on the Pacific Coast.

Incidentally the position of the negroes here and in the North is so nearly that of the whites that if I were Jim I would look into the feasibility of teaching Portuguese to the boys at Hampton. They could come down here as representatives of firms in the U.S. and enjoy a type of life and climate much more to their tastes than anywhere at home. And complete equality with the whites.

July 23

Just abit of tñme tonight to write an additional note or two in time to get into the mail onto the Byron on the 26th.

Today I have been out to Jacarapagua with Dr. Alvez taking some pictures of septic tanks which he is forcing the people there to install.

They make a good deal of trouble at first but about the time the tanks are done they owners begin to show signs of pride and swell up with pleasure when you tell them the thing is very well built.

It was a hot day up there and I shall notice the excess sunlight unless I get some glasses to keep out the glare. The heat as heat is not excessive though and surely it would surprise some of the well informed in the Benighted States to know that Americans are actually using hot water bottles at night. Here in Rio that is.

I am going to be delayed a little longer in getting to work in the South, because Dr. Placido Barbosa has taken a job as head of the health service in Piauhý and this means that instead of having a man who can talk English going down with me I will be alone with the Portuguese language and heppy days those will be!

Well best of luck and thanks especially for the Lam-poon which is going the rounds of the Harvard colony here with a great relish.





July 27th finds me still in Rio buying frying ppns, soap, and mosquito netting, keeping desperately strict account of all that goes out of the purse and planning to leave for the South in three days time collecting the personnel of my survey as I go. That means three other new men plus my guarda chefe or sergeant, so to speak, whom I have already chosen. This being the last fling I shall have at the English tongue for a while I have been going to parties a bit and otherwise eating such hunks of butter as will have to serve in memory to go with the plain fare to come. I was about to say the loaf to come but that would give an unfair idea of what it will prove to be, for the securing of so much information in three months time on a limited budget and from a crowd of men that will loaf on the job on the least pretext will use most of the time and brains the Lord gave me. ~~Of the~~ Of the country I shall see I know very little except that the life is very primitive and largely in the saddle, no towns and not much civilization, more hookworm than anything else----but of that more when I am there.

I do not know how much it means but the animals here are all suspicious of man. If you say "hello ket"! to a cat nearby it is enough---she cowers and runs. And if you reach out to stroke a horses head he rears in apprehension of a blow. I wonder sometimes that the people do not suspect us more, as did a man tother day in the office. "What is this commission of doctors anyway"? he said to our factotem. Then all the pride of Alfredo in the patriotic labors of the Brazilians in the Commissao and his pride in being in it came out and he told the man how the health of the Brazilians was being benefited etc. etc. all for nothing, and at no expense. "now" said the man after Alfredo had finished, "tell me the real story!B".

If they are still giving History 17 a course in the history of the middle west especially, or better of the country in terms of western settlement and westward expansion, take it

if Turner is still giving it. Take courses for the men not for the subject. I used to think that was the fooliest advice I ever heard, for how was anyone to know anything with so hodge-podge a preparation? But unless you know much more than merely the profession or business you are going into you will get more for your time from seeing enthusiastic thoroughness and genius at close range on some subject you may not immediately calling your job for life, than it is to wade through book after book under some teacher who has no other advantage over you than that of a headstart in time. A poor sentence for the English of it but the idea is good.

I am finishing this in Sao Paulo where I am finishing the preparations for my dash into the wilds: buying all sorts of stuff in the way of household furnishings etc for many a time and oft we shall be provided only with a shack and will have to have everything else "found" with us. It will be the real thing in the line of excitement and I will be as great a variety for the natives as they are for me.

As soon as I get something more than the cleanliness of Sao Paulo to write about I will .



Sorocabana R.R.

August the third

Well I am in the sleeping car of this funny little railroad and

opposite sits a young German talking the lingo with loud gutturals with another of his sort--- the first long conversations I have heard since the time when I was interpreter at C.C.S. 45 near Doullens. Gosh less than a ye ar ago!

With Joao Miragaya, Jose Machado, and Deodoro Silveira I go south to Parana to make an inspection of that neck of the woods. It will last about three months probably and will take me round into all sorts of places, some far from the R.R. and a good many on the same. The men are my guardas and microspopists and it was very good fun picking them out. It is my first real whack out alone since I can remeber and it certainly is very good fun. I have kissed goodbye to the old language I used to be so fond of , to wit English and am hereafter committed to a mixture of Portuguese and Bosch which will be amusing I am sure. Gosh you'd be amused to see all these things we pass: men in long flowing shawls and all shades and races of them too. I am getting a new point of view on this business of being a foreigner. It may seem funny to see a Dane out here on a lonely fazenda here in Brazil; it did to me when I first saw one blue eyed and towering out in the wilds but when I came ti think it over I realized that it would not have seemed queer to see him in Montana----well Montana is just as much of a change for him as Brazil is , from his native Denmark. It had always seemed natural for them to come to us in America, but it seemed very odd to have one turn up in Brazil! Do yu get the new point of view?

Ther are a lot of interesting people to be met with down here. Last night I went to dinner at the Robert's house in Sao Paulo. He is a huge kindly quiet self-possessed engineer from Princeton; she a talkative quick-witteed amusing Westerner from the WEST whose voice is loud and who would make Mrs Parkman shudder and Malcolm Peabody feel awfully

Christlike and forgiving, but who has a very good head on her and a very clear mind as well to deal with all the things that come up when your husband is gone sometimes a year at a time in the woods of Brazil---and believe me that is a plenty. He is a very good sort and has done a lot of Surveying work for the railroads---so much life in the wilds has meant to him the common price down here which he has just learned but really does not realise I think-- the ulcer de Barru or Button of India a disease which begins as a sore on the leg and ends pretty horribly in a long deferred death which no one at home knows enough about to make home going worth while; for the treatment of it. As the preceding suggests the writing was stopped for the urgent reason of getting some sleep and I continue in an appallingly and palatially stuffy room in the Hotel John-scher in Curityba, where Frieda has just been blitted to maken eine bad fur the herrschaft and things are much as before Chicken Wheeler announced at the home-coming party she had given her in 1914 that there was a war on in Europe. Gosh I remember that day well! Up in Ipswich. Etc.Etc.

We rode all today through high rolling cool grass-covered country, with valleys lined with pines of the local varie variety, which in effect are like giant candelabra and very handsome too. Instead of dry gullies as the average superficial winding depressions would have been in Coloroado they all had beautiful clear streams of water flowing on shallow channels in the living rock which underlies so closely the surface of the soil. The rock was pinkish and full of potholes, called here calderao which are all the way from a soap dish to a barrel in size and shape and were bright green in the sunlight with all the clear water in them. A strange effect as of tourmalines strung irregularly. But the air was fresh and cool and in the unforrested sweeps of hills I had all the reason in the world to imagine myself well north

of the Equator and going into Wyoming or Montana instead of Parana(which is pronounced with the ~~xx~~ accent on the last syllable). The red dust rose in clouds when the train was going in the line of the wind and poured in over everything and everybody, but every hour or two we'd come to a lonely little staion where we all piled out and swallowed a small cup of very black and very fragrant coffee and I decided NO on the question of doces or the local idea of what sweetes should be. The engine would wander down the track a bit to the woodpile and some huskies would throw big sticks up onto the coalcar till the thing looked twice the size of the engine and then we'd go on. When I got to the station I heard "DOATOR GRREGY DOTER GRREGY !"E being called so stepped out to see the Brazilian with whom and through whom all my plans must get their accomplishment and found a beautiful smooth article in a cutaway coat, on the black and white line, white pallid skin and black hair eyes and mustache, black tie and gloves, and all smiles and temporary graciousness, a Hervey Wetzel of a man with pretence in place of reserve, and slopover in place of girlishness. I expect to be very simpatico but ~~am~~ rather disgusted with him as time goes on. But he is nearly my contemporary and that will be fun, for the chance I have to make a swift and effective survey is godd, if this fellow is to use the old and honorable idiom, HANDLED RIGHT.

You should here the churches here on Sunday. A man gets up in the belfry with a hammer and proceeds to tune up on the three bells they always have thus: Dee, dee, dee! dee-dee-dee-dee-dee. Dum, dum, dum! dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum. Dang, dang, dang! Dang-dang-dang-dang-dang-dang. Deedum, deedum, deedumpty deedum, etc, till it sounds like a ragtime syncopation, except that it's hopelessly loud even for that. It keeps up for ten minutes this syncopation from the belfry and then begins in twenty minutes all over again.

This town humorously is now to be my official home

you know, the sort of a place like Chestnut Hill,
convenient place to refer to when ushering at a
wedding or when trying to think of some one place on
God's green earth where they could send a bill and have it n
have it not marked :95 =:92:(fig instead of cap)
NOT KNOWN and returned to the sender. Well in case
anybody wants to know where I was raised or where
my home is or anything, tell 'em I'm a Curjtyba boy
and wont hear of ever having lived in Marlborough
street and that home is home and that's that!

Good luck on those Giant Slides if as the
paper says the First Division gets home on the 15th
of August. God knows I'd like to be with you but
would amend that to read 'like you to be with me'
and send the minutes of the meeting thus amended to be read i
read in the upper house.

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